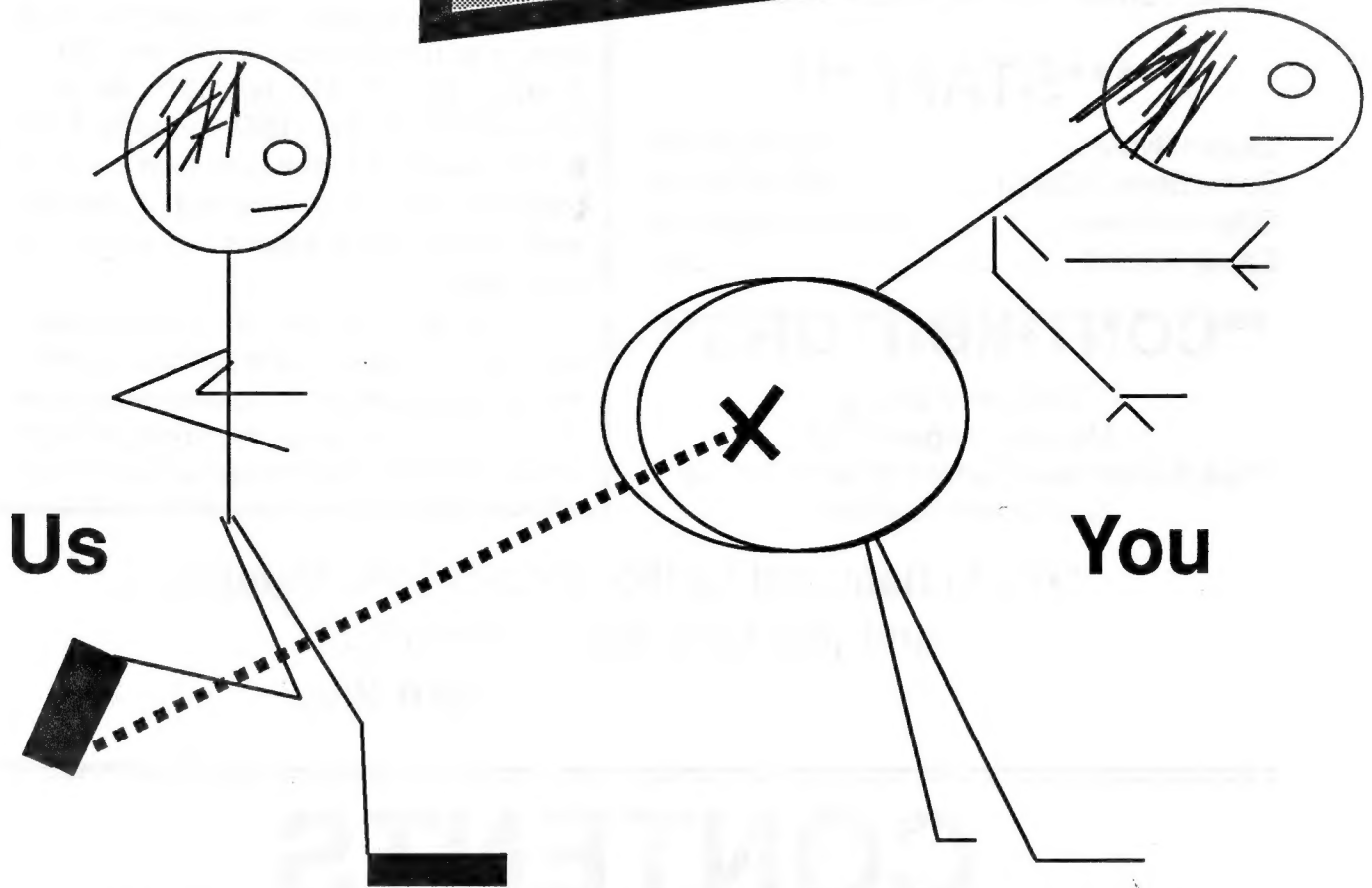


# THE OMEN

v8'2 • October 21, 1996



*In This Issue:*

*Everyone at Hampshire  
gets a firm kick in the ass!!!*

# The Omen

Volume 8, Number 2

October 21, 1996

## \*\*\* EDITORS \*\*\*

Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor  
Ben Sanders.....Production Editor  
Chris Ruge.....News Editor  
Paul Boyer.....Acting Section Hate Editor  
Amber Cortes.....Music Editor

## \*\*\*STAFF\*\*\*

Lauren Ryder.....Typing Abuse  
Some Bone in Dakin.....Printer Abuse  
Gillian Andrews.....Proofreading Abuse  
Casey Nordell.....Staff

## \*\*CONTRIBUTORS\*\*

Matthew Flaming  
Melissa Jaeger-Miller  
Priya Kapoor and Carissa Willams for many  
Concerned Students

## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

**“Try to flam and be like Claude Van-Damme,  
and just kick ‘em in the grill.”**

**-3rd Bass**

---

---

# CONTENTS

Page 3.....Meeting Of The Mindless  
Page 4.....Shoot Jon Land!!!  
Page 6..Shoot Me, You Little Fool!!!  
Page 7.....Reeenian Values  
Page 10.....A Note From Renee  
Page 11.....A Note To Renee

Page 12.....Unim-Press-ed  
C o n f e r e n c e  
Page 14.....Help! My Balls Itch!  
Page 15.....Spalding Gray  
Page 16.....Z Is For Zoloft  
Page 17.....Seba-D'OH



## Meeting of the Mindless

*Here's a little snippet of a recent conversation I had with random mod guy Eric Goulden. I'm running out of material here. I don't have time for this crap. Does any want a paper? Send all offers to Jonathan Land, at Box 527, or at jblF93@hamp.hampshire.edu. Enjoy.*

**Jonathan Land**  
Managing Editor  
The Omen

**Eric Goulden:** "Hey, look, it's The Omen!"

**Jonathan Land:** Remember me? I'm Jon Land, your editor.

**EG:** Hey, isn't this paper weekly?

**JL:** Not while I'm Div III, working three jobs, shooting up, coming down, curing cancer, and getting engaged.

**EG:** Is it true that you interviewed Ted Kennedy and John Kerry?

**JL:** Yes, it was truly worthless, so I didn't care after it was over.

**EG:** Did you serve in 'Nam?

**JL:** Is this necklace made out of fingers and ears?

**EG:** What's happening with The Omen?

**JL:** Well, I'm resigning

soon, and then other people will take over and make it an actual newspaper.

**EG:** Isn't that what the Phoenix is?

**JL:** Homosayswhat.

**EG:** Excuse me?

**JL:** Homosayswhat.

**EG:** Huh?

**JL:** Homosayswhat.

**EG:** Pardon me?

**JL:** Homosayswhat. Actually, they're doing great, A for effort, I get high off the fonts.

**EG:** How do you feel about the list of student demands?

**JL:** Three words: Rehire Andrew Salkey.

**EG:** That wasn't very funny. That was just mean.

**JL:** I like to include a little bit of something for everyone.

**EG:** Seriously, what do you think?

**JL:** I think people should stop whining and do their work.

**EG:** Clambake or Theresa Gordon?

**JL:** Conspiracy theory: The Gordon's Fisherman is attempting to control the minds of Hampshire students.

**EG:** That wasn't funny either.

**JL:** Hey, I'm tired.

**EG:** You really need to drop this gig.

**JL:** I really need to drop this

gig.

**EG:** Hey, umm, can you buy for me?

**JL:** Not yet, but if you have a car, this Monday we can get plowed.

**EG:** I love you, man.

**JL:** Don't say that to me here.

**EG:** You can always edit it out, you homophobe.

**JL:** I've never edited an Omen article, and I'm not going to start now. Also, I'm no homophobe, just because I believe all you sodomites will be burning in the hottest fires in hell as God's will shall have it.

**EG:** Wow, I never knew you thought that way.

**JL:** Well, I've discovered that with Jesus at my side, the path to truth, love, and enlightenment is the course that all of God's great creations should travel on, following the teachings of our Lord every step of the way. Amen.

**EG:** I don't quite know what to say.

**JL:** Listen my brother, just listen to your heart and let Jesus guide you along the true path. Good night, and God bless.



*Left of Center*  
Jonathan Land  
1996

# Daddy, Please Shoot Jon Land

*If you have any questions about, responses to, or problems with the following article, please contact the authors. We are very willing to talk with you. If you would like more information about the issues discussed, refer to the fact sheet which was submitted for publication with this editorial. If you would like to see original documents dealing with these issues, check out the All-Student Information binder which is on reserve in the library, listed under "Other."*

In response to Jon Land's editorial, "Mommy, Please Tuck Me In," in the September 13 issue of the Omen:

Earlier this semester, two all-student meetings were organized by students in response to changes made in the structure of Student Affairs over the summer. These students were concerned because drastic changes were made by Greg Prince with practically no faculty, staff, or student input. The purpose of the first meeting was to inform other interested students of the situation, including the results of the reorganization. Most of the positions in Student Affairs were either terminated or combined with other positions. Particularly upsetting were the loss of Theresa (Kuji) Gordon, who was, among other things, the coordinator for SOURCE (Students of Under Represented Cultures and Ethnicities), and Bernice Gero, who was not only the coordinator of the Counselor Advocates

Against Sexual Abuse but also the Director of Student Services for the entire campus. The second all student meeting was to discuss the goals and strategies of the students who had come together on this issue.

Evidently, Jon Land attended one of these meetings and paid no attention at all. For example, he says: "The sole concern of the meeting was to discuss and take action about the firing of two staff members, Theresa Gordon and Bernice Gero, amongst related items." Actually, many other issues were discussed. Among them were the administration's past history of making decisions which affect student life without student input, and the probability that the Dakin/SOURCE agreement was violated by Kuji's firing. Jon also states that "the action that was to take place was the signing of a petition to re-hire those fired in their previous positions." In fact, many strategies were discussed, including contacting parents and trustees to inform them of the situation on campus, and carrying out direct actions to educate the Hampshire community.

At this point in his article, Jon states the obvious in saying that he is presenting the situation with "no details whatsoever." He does mention that seven staff members besides Kuji and Bernice were affected by the reorganization, and criticizes those of us who were at the meetings for not discussing them as well. It seems a bit odd to us that Jon,

who has done nothing to support any of the nine staff members affected, would criticize us for showing concern for some of them. These two positions were of direct concern to a large number of students — although we have also publicly questioned the relocations of Gina Longo and Barbara Orr-Wise. We guess Jon missed that part too.

Jon now lists his three reasons for being "annoyed" by the all students meeting. Before this, however, he complains about "the level of irrationality and pathetic behavior" at the meeting he attended. In the same paragraph, he rationally and cleverly states that he "could give a rat's ass."

Jon's first reason for dismissing the all student meeting is that he is "so annoyed by people who sound like they're crying when they're trying to make their point." Obviously, this is a terrific reason for bashing an entire movement. He also points out that "if you really know what you're talking about, you don't have to play the emotional card." To this we can only say that if Jon really knew what he was talking about, he wouldn't have to rely on sarcastic comments about rat's asses.

His second reason is that "as for the approach regarding the petition, it just makes no sense." As we have already pointed out, many actions were planned in addition to the petition. However, we are intrigued by Jon's position that "the plan from here

*Continued on the next page.*



# Daddy Tells Me What To Do

*Continued from the previous page.*

on out should be to fuck the school into creating the proper positions, and getting the right people to fill them." It is unfortunate that Jon left the meeting without bringing forth this excellent suggestion. Obviously, he is well-versed in practical activism. He also tells us that "you have to get the people involved to give you what you feel they owe you, in the most feasible, legal method possible." We're not sure what Jon *thinks* we're doing, but that sounds pretty close to it.

Jon's last reason for annoyance is "how people claimed that their student group or mental health or whatever were in serious jeopardy because of the firing of these people." As far as we recall, there was no discussion of individuals' "mental health or whatever" at either of the two meetings. Student groups are another matter. One student group which is severely threatened by the reorganization is SOURCE. Without a single full-time staffer to supervise it, an organization this large and active will be very difficult to maintain. Because SOURCE acts as an umbrella for many other campus groups, they are also affected. In fact, practically every service on this campus for students of color is related to SOURCE — and was assisted by Kuji. While this may not be of concern to Jon, it affects a large number of students on this campus. Even more troubling, the Counselor Advocates have not

been able to provide their usual counseling services to students on campus since Bernice's position was terminated in May. Without a clinical supervisor, a group such as the CA's is not legally able to provide this service. More than a month into the school year, there is still no one on campus for a student to call if s/he is sexually assaulted or harassed. Should a student in crisis call the CA's, s/he will hear a message telling her/him to call the Everywoman's Center at UMass. If s/he does not have ACC Basic Service, s/he will have to discuss an intensely personal situation at a public pay phone or in someone else's room. S/he will also have no guarantee that someone will be able to spend time with her/him in person. For a person who is dealing with sexual harassment, assault, or rape, being with someone can be crucial. Again, this may mean nothing to Jon. Some of us are not so lucky.

For the rest of the article, Jon implies that those of us who were at the meeting are incompetent and unable to function without a staff member's guidance. Specifically: "Wow, these people don't have the competence to organize themselves and carry on the best they can?" However, the fact that there was a meeting for Jon to attend at all should have clued him in. The meetings, publicity, research, educational fliers and letters, and all subsequent actions have been planned and carried out entirely

by students. We are not asking for staff members to hold our hands. Instead, we are asking that we not be expected to run this campus in addition to being full-time students. We are not asking for staff members to run all of our student groups for us — we are simply asking that a small number of staffers be available to us as resources.

Jon closes his tirade by referring to us as "a bunch of apathetic wastes." In the past month, we have stuffed mailboxes; posterized; printed and distributed fliers; canvassed the campus with information; collected research and original documents and made them available to the community; held many organizational and educational meetings; arranged, carried out, and videotaped interviews with Greg and other members of the community; planned, attended, and videotaped a large silent protest breakfast with the president; organized, attended, run, and videotaped an accountability session with Greg; compiled a list of charges against Greg and presented him with a list of demands; aired the videos of our actions on Intran and at various places on campus; and organized a large press conference. Jon has written a poorly organized and atrociously proofread editorial, which he bravely submitted for publication in his own paper. We wish that we could live up to Jon's exacting standards, but our apathy is crippling.

*Continued on Page 9.*

# Brother, Can You Lend An Ear?

O.K. Here's some clarification for you on the "Please Shoot Jon Land" letter. Ten small points:

1. Regarding the notion that many items were discussed in the minds of the "concerned students", well, you keep thinking that. All the topics were slight variations on the same theme. Claiming that the firing of Theresa Gordon, and the structure of SOURCE are completely unrelated is like going to a restaurant and ordering an appetizer, and something before the main course.

2. The gathering WAS to promote the petition. It was the first topic of discussion, and it was pushed harder than a broken car.

3." Jon states the obvious in saying that he is presenting the situation with "no details whatsoever."

Hey, that was real clever. How long did it take to come up with a witty statement to attempt to reprimand me for claiming I wasn't completely up on my game. I only wish other people would do that around here.

4. When I list the reasons "for being "annoyed" by the all students meeting". I did use the term "rat's ass" which wasn't very "professional". A). I didn't feel it necessary to treat that meeting with respect. B). I like dealing with situations in a very relaxed method, especially when I'm not taking them seriously. That editorial was not a clinical report of the meeting. I would

much rather use informal terms to invoke certain things, then to have a well-scripted, bland diatribe. It works, trust me.

5. Please note that you don't have a proper response to the "talking and crying statement". Do you want to know why? Because you're taking an argument that is frivolous and constructed merely on opinion, and making it into fact. Simple logic.

6. "It is unfortunate that Jon left the meeting without bringing forth this excellent suggestion [that "the plan from here on out should be to fuck the school into creating the proper positions, and getting the right people to fill them."]. Obviously, he is well-versed in practical activism."

All I was saying was, make the best out of what you have as resources, and use that to achieve your goals, as opposed to making them appear out of nothingness. I may not be well-versed in your deranged notion of practical activism, but I do know a thing or two about reality, and how things work in it.

7. "As far as we recall, there was no discussion of individuals' "mental health or whatever" at either of the two meetings."

Are you familiar with sarcasm?

8. A). The C/A's provide a service that is necessary, I have never stated that that program shouldn't exist. B). "If s/he does not have ACC Basic Service, s/he will have to discuss an intensely personal situation at a public pay phone or in someone

else's room."

That piece of information is incorrect. If you don't have ACC Basic Service, and the situation arises, call the switchboard and they will patch you through to the Everywoman's Center. You should let people know that. Also, as a picky point, if you're living out in the world and you don't have basic phone service, what would you do then besides suffer?

9. "Jon implies that those of us who were at the meeting are incompetent and unable to function without a staff member's guidance."

Yes, you kids organized that big ol' meeting. Slap yourself five, or just slap yourself. If I organized a meeting, no matter how large, over some self-indulgent thing: Good for me, it doesn't prove anything though. If I make people think that they could have better food in SAGA (for instance, the food's fine, no one get upset) by throwing all the food on the floor, and everyone does it, that's not the method of changing things (i.e. through a channel that is inappropriate/useless).

10. As for the apathy/"hey, but look at all this stuff we did" argument. Shit framed is still shit. The fact that you do anything at all doesn't make that thing inherently good.

**Jonathan Land**  
**Managing Editor**  
**The Omen**



## “Hampshiresque” and “Reneean.”

There are certain theories of justice in which the truth, and its highly subjective counterpart, reality, are cast aside in favor of overreaching social goals. Many notable and successful societies have adopted this approach. Today we call them “fascist” or “Orwellian.” My experiences at the beginning of this semester compel me to add some words to this proud tradition, and it is with great community pride that I offer “Hampshiresque” and “Reneean.”

While it is comforting to know that Hampshire is a leader in gross injustice and asinine policy, if nothing else, it is not for school spirit alone that I bestow these words destined to become part of all social thought. Quite the contrary, I did not need to find news of injustice here at Frisbee U, for it found me like a dog finds a fire-hydrant.

This story starts after a long hard summer on my part, since I had to work through Labor Day, and its my last year, I decided to take off the first week of school and go on vacation. I came home refreshed and ready to tackle my last year at Camp Hamp. There was a phone message waiting for me from a Renee of some type. I assumed that she missed me and put off calling her back. The next afternoon my fa-

ther reminded me of the call saying “she was real excited to talk to you.” Again, this did not seem out of the ordinary since I had been here next door neighbor for the past two years. I called her anyway.

It is an understatement to say I was shocked to find out that I was an Alcoholic Woman-Beater, but Renee was quite adamant about it. She very calmly and coolly recounted vague details of the alleged incident to me and asked for my side of the story. I told her that it was all bull-Renee and asked what the alleged victim had said about all this. Renee told me that it was not her that had come forward but a concerned third party and that the alleged victim, which I will call Sally, had begrudging admitted to the allegations. This was one of many untruths to spring from the mouth our associate dean of students.

In spite of my embracing of the truth I was told that I would have to move out of my apartment, since Sally had decided to live there after the alleged incidents. At this point I became incensed. “Renee,” I said “I have lived next to you for two years. Do you really think that I am a violent person?”

“Well, no,” she said. “But I do know that you can get quite

loud and vocal when you’re upset.” At this point I became quite loud and vocal with Renee. Eventually, when I realized that Renee did not want to hear my side of the story and was not prepared to believe a word I said, I hung up and called Sally.

As it turns out, Sally was even madder than I, as she had been dealing with the allegations for a week and, even worse, had been talked down to and called a liar by Susan Mahoney, the woman who keeps Clairol in business. At this point I began looking forward to coming back to school. I had every confidence that once I found out where all the falsities had come from and my case was in the hands of someone intelligent enough to pronounce their own name correctly that I would be granted an apology. My father was supportive. “She sounded like a real [extremely offensive gynecological epithet] to me.” My father and I had never been so close.

But, alas, an apology was not to be mine. As it turned out I was not to receive any semblance of justice whatever. The first night back I slept in my mod just to see if I really was an Alcoholic Woman-Beater. The night passed without incident, despite

*Continued on the next page.*



# Hell at Hampshire

*Continued from the previous page.*

my consumption of not one, but two pints at the Ale House with a friend. On Monday afternoon I had a meeting with Renee. The main outcome of this meeting was a renewed understanding on my part that the associate dean's head was permanently lodged in her posterior, and her comfort with this position was such that no amount of prying on my part could dislodge it.

Sally had made an appointment with the dean for the following day to complain about the way she had been treated for not coming forward and supporting the false allegations, even though she knew she was letting down not only herself, but "all womankind." I decided to go with her and get this straightened once and for all.

Just like any other interrogator our lovable dean thought it would be a good idea to separate us so as to make it easier to tell us both different stories. As I waited with Andy, listening to country music and reading Kafka's "The Trial," Renee and Derrick Elmes came in. They were admitted to the office as I continued to wait. By the time I was admitted to the room Sally had left for class leaving me to be to be accused with no present witness of my innocence but myself.

"Well, Chris," it began. "why don't you tell us your side of the story?"

I informed him that my side of something that didn't hap-

pen wasn't a very interesting topic of discussion, but proceeded to pick apart the insane allegations that Renee had vaguely described over the phone.

"I don't understand why the story keeps changing," one of the interrogators interjected in an effort to catch me in a lie that I wasn't telling. Again I had to inform them that my "side" of nothing happened was the same and that all the information I had to go on was supplied by the associate dean. Apparently Renee couldn't even get the fabricated facts straight, as Mr. Elmes proceeded to rattle off a pattern of abuse, the real prize of which was my throwing Sally down the stairwell of my mod.

It was time to appeal to the truth. I pointed out that both Sally and myself had no recollection of the alleged incidents, and since we were supposed to be there our words should probably be taken over someone who not only wasn't there, but didn't decide to make a report until four months after the time it supposedly happened.

I was told that even if I was innocent, we couldn't live in the same mod just in case something were to happen in the future. In cases such as this, mere allegations are enough to warrant swift action. This is not only a policy of this school but a policy at many others. I was quick to object to this crock of Renee, wondering weather or not the truth was to have any bearing.

Nope. I was told that not only didn't they believe me, but they weren't 100 percent sure if Sally had denied anything two minutes earlier. This was a lie.

At any rate, the meeting was much more productive than speaking with Renee who fortunately didn't open her mouth the entire time. Mr. Sanborn is reasonable professional, even if his profession forces him to be blind, stupid, and disconcerted with actuality. Another discovery was that Mr. Elmes is the only forthright person in the administration. To wrap up, Bob said they would consider the options overnight and get back to me the next day. Since Sally and I were not allowed to live in the same mod the options were obviously : 1) I move; 2) Sally moves; 3) We both move. I asked him what options he was considering. He said that he didn't know yet but he would get back to me. He is a Ph.D.

The next day I went in to hear the verdict. I had to move. I thought it was pretty far from fair that I had to move even though I hadn't done anything. The dean said that Sally lived there and I was the intimidator, so I had to go. This was my fault. At the meeting they had asked me if I had ever done anything that may have frightened Sally. I thought of going to church with her, having tea, and some other of the rather few interactions we had had. Then I remembered a friend telling me that they found

*Continued on the next page.*



# The End of the Shaft

*Continued from the previous page.*

me intimidating when they first met me and how silly that seemed now. I offered this as a possible explanation, saying that I cannot control other people's reactions, but do try to dispel misconceptions as soon as I become aware. Unfortunately this became ammo. I was now not an accused assailant, but an actual intimidator, apparently a serious charge.

I wasn't happy with the outcome and let the dean know it. In return he offered the solace that it could be worse. Not only could I have been accused of doing something that I didn't do, but Sally could have gone along with it. "So I'm lucky to be just an intimidator and not an assailant?"

"You may be an assailant, we just can't prove it yet," was the response. In a final act of condescension I was offered counseling at health services. Apparently my non-acceptance of fabricated reality constituted some sort of disorder in the dean's mind, and he didn't want me to feel alone.

So now I have moved and

still some burning questions linger. If I was so intimidating, why did Sally want to move into my mod. Why is inadvertent intimidation punishable? Obviously we cannot go around deliberately hurting people, but is it reasonable for me one to be responsible for every emotional response that happens around them? Every action deeply offends someone, especially on this campus. And further, if this is the policy, what about my feelings. I was falsely accused by someone other than the alleged victim, presumed guilty and punished. How am I supposed to feel about a community that can treat its members like that? How am I supposed to be part of a community that accepts this as a conception of justice? Is anyone responsible for my feelings of disempowerment and exclusion? How do you think it feels to be accused of such a grotesque crime and then to have people I have known, worked and lives with for years openly accept it as the truth?

I can tell you it makes me feel pretty shitty.

**Chris Ruge**  
News Editor

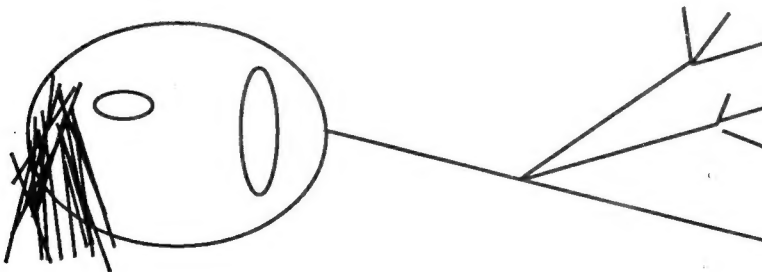
# Jon Land, Bad Guy

*Continued from page 5.*

The only good thing about Jon's entire editorial is that he promises never to come to an all student meeting again. We'll miss you, Jon, but we understand that you're busy making Hampshire a better place.

written by:

**Carissa Williams** F94, ext 2604,  
box 1039, clwF94@hamp  
**Priya A. Kapoor** F92, ext 4900,  
box 1509, pkapoor@hamp  
**For many concerned Hampshire students.**



Seizure!!!  
**Jonathan Land**  
1996

# Mo' Renee, Mo' Renee, Mo' Renee!!!

Dear Chris,

This letter is to follow up on the conversations and meetings you have had with Bob Sanborn, The Dean Of Student Affairs, Derrick Elmes, the Director of Public Safety, and me concerning the behavior on your part that may have been endangering or threatening to another student. My first conversation with you about this took place by telephone on Saturday, September 6, and Was followed by a short meeting on Monday, September 9 that included Nancy and me. On Tuesday, September 10 you met with Dean of Students Bob Sanborn, Director of Public Safety Derrick Elmes, and me, and then on Wednesday, September 11, you met only with Bob Sanborn. In all of these instances you very clearly denied that you had ever physically hurt \*\*\*\*\* and that you felt as if you were being "punished" when nothing had happened.

Though we all heard what you said, your denials contradicted other information that had been presented to us. Because of the contradictory nature of the information, we felt we had to proceed in the most cautious and prudent way possible, and prohibit you and \*\*\*\*\* from living in the same mod. This separation follows the protocol that takes effect when the college has reason to believe that violence has occurred between two

modmates or hallmates. Consequently, you have been required to move from \*\*\*\*\*. I understand from Linda Mollison, the Housing Coordinator, that you have been moved into mod 75.

You and \*\*\*\*\* may not live together in the same mod or hall as long as you are both Hampshire College students. I am aware that the alleged incidents took place before the two of you were actually modmates, and the being modmates is not necessary for violent or intimidating interactions to occur. Thus, I strongly recommend that you and \*\*\*\*\* not allow yourselves to be in circumstances that might lead to further incidents. For this reason, I believe it would be in your best interest to not visit in \*\*\*\*\* mod and to avoid other social situations where \*\*\*\*\* may be present. As with all students, should you violate any of the norms of community living (see Non Satis Non Scire)., you will be liable to further disciplinary sanctions.

There is another aspect of the situation that I do not believe has been much touched upon - the role that alcohol may have played in whatever happened. In both your accounting of what happened and in the other information we have received, you are reported to have been drinking alcohol. I do not know if you were intoxicated or how intoxicated you may have been then or

at any other time. However, whenever alcohol is mentioned in situations in which behaviors gotten out of control, it raises alarm for me. Coupled with what I know about the quantity of alcohol that has been consumed in your mod in previous years, I can not help but wonder if alcohol is a problem in your life. That is a question that only you can answer for yourself. However, there are people who can help you sort out the issues. Hampshire's health educator, Gretchen Krull, (located at Health Services, x5743) can talk with you confidentially about alcohol concerns. If you would prefer to go someplace off campus the Dickinson Programs at 76 Pleasant St. in Northampton (586-8550) can also help you to assess whether or not substance use is problematic for you.

Chris, I know this has been a very difficult way to begin the year. I hope you are able to push forward and complete a successful and productive semester.

Sincerely,  
Renee Freedman  
Associate Dean of Residential Life



*Burning in Hell*  
Jonathan Land  
1996

# Office of Reality

September 17, 1996

Renee Freedman

Office of the Dean of Students

Renee,

I think it should be brought to your attention how ludicrously biased you allowed yourself to be in your letter dated the 16th of this month.

Firstly, I find it odd that you chose to say that my denials contradicted your "other information". This automatically assumes that a higher premium is being placed on that information. The real oddity is that I was never presented with the details of this "other information", nor was I given the courtesy of facing my accuser. The only conclusion is that your alternate sources despite their lack of founding, are thought to be more reliable than both \*\*\*\*\* and myself. This is rather insulting, and it makes no sense whatever that these sources should not be held accountable for their false witness whole I am raked over the coals on its account. I cannot help but wonder what follow u interviews you had with these people after \*\*\*\*\* and I presented you with the truth of the matter. Were these people made aware of the seriousness of the charges and the possible effect of their careless accusations? Did you inform them that they were breaking one of the Ten commandments?

Aside from the blatantly taking sides with mysterious do-gooders who are free of all re-

sponsibility, you also slip away from the fact that these occurrences are still unsubstantiated by the alleged participants. You use the word "alleged" only once, while the other four references to events assumes that they actually "happened". It is extremely unprofessional for you to make written record in which you refer to as fact incidents that are still in dispute.

Your final paragraph, in which you touch upon drinking, is far the most reflective of your short attention span and lack-luster listening skills. The reason my "accounting of what happened" and the "other information" agreed on this sole point is simply because you asked me to recount my actions at a Prescott party. You conveniently left out that I denied any of the other allegations concerning that evening. another easily corroborated fact would be that the consumption of alcohol was not something isolated to myself on the evening. It is quite blind of you to latch on to this one articles substantiation for the rest of your obscenely prejudiced charges. As for the quantity of alcohol consumed in my mod in previous years, I wouldn't know as I just moved here. If you mean \*\*\*\*\* , which you carefully referred to as "\*\*\*\*\* mod", you know damn well who drank all that whiskey. However, if you found it so noteworthy, wouldn't your job have demanded that you look into it at the time? Taking into account your concern about

my personal habits can only be seen as a weak attempt to support your false case against me and cloud the real issues of truth and justice which have wholly been ignored by you and your office.

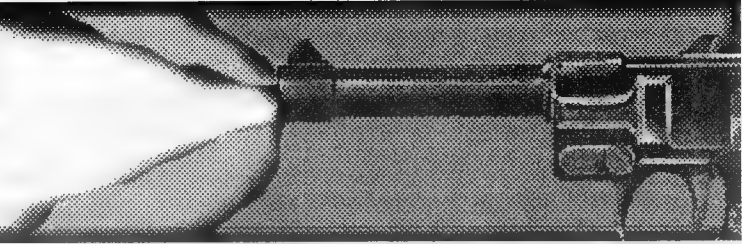
I agreed to move because I believe that the administration has authority over the domiciles on this campus, but you go too far when you tell me who I should and should not associate with. You know that some of my closest comrades live in \*\*\*\*\* , people with whom I have lived and grown close to, and planned to live with in the future. Further \*\*\*\*\* is my friend and I enjoy her company, and I will not allow misguided lies sanctified by your unholy office to interfere with my personal associations. "Renee said I couldn't" is not a plausible excuse for a free-thinking adult to decline a friendly invitation to tea, and I assuredly will not be so discourteous to my friends simply to please you.

I hope that you can see that the only "incident" that has occurred in this whole affair is the victory of lies over truth due to a system, and its dedicated champions, slanted towards a certain type of allegation. If, per chance, you open your mind someday and treat everyone with an even hand, or better, if the administration hires someone competent, future "incidents" may be avoided.

Sincerely  
Chris Ruge  
Accused



# SECTION HATE



## The Unim-Press-ed Conference

The "Press Conference":  
Biggest Fiasco Since the Democracy Wall

I had the immense pleasure of being one of the few students on campus who was handed a piece of paper informing me of a press conference on Thursday evening. How I was chosen to be one of the select elite to receive this invitation (there were only about 200,000 of them printed, mind you) I never quite found out, but I showed up, assured that our President, Greg Prince, would be there to give a statement on the recent firings of a few individuals. Unfortunately, the organizers of the conference didn't bother to make sure Greg would be able to attend before planning this event, and sure enough he was not. He was in New Hampshire, inexcusably securing money for the college.

Upon arrival in the Main Lecture Hall, I discovered that the press conference was actually more of a forum for the students than a press conference for the President, so the fact that he was there did not seem so important. Instead there was a panel of six students. Upon their entrance, the greater part of the audience cheered enthusiastically. I could

tell this was going to be one of those occasions when people would cheer no matter what was said. I was soon proved right. We were informed that the first two rows were reserved for the press (they remained vacant throughout the evening), then the first speech was delivered. The gist of it was "we have been silenced." I immediately had to laugh at this. Several weeks of hearing nothing but attacks on the President because of these firings, several tons of paper slipped under doors and handed out in Saga and they're telling us that they've been silent? I don't get it. And how were they being "silenced"? Were they afraid that if they said anything out of line they were going to be pulled out of bed by Greg's Brown Shirts and shot? Perhaps they're confusing the words "silent" and "annoying". I don't know.

In Greg's absence, the Dean of Students, Robert Sanborn, gave a brief statement in which he promised to work with students in the future. This he reiterated many times, though people generally seemed to think that anything short of immediately agreeing to their demands was unacceptable. People also disliked his lack of a guarantee on his part. I don't know what sort of guarantee they wanted.

Perhaps one of his limbs as collateral might suffice. But I wouldn't be so sure. Regardless, other than that small interjection the rest of the speaking was done mainly by the students, who had many complaints and demands.

And what were their demands? Before the conference, a pamphlet was distributed to just about every living organism on campus; one side's purpose was to let us all know what a very bad person Greg Prince is, the other side listed the demands. A glance at them was enough to tell me that they weren't about to be accepted with any more enthusiasm than, say, Germany accepted the Versailles Treaty. In fact, they were a futile gesture at best. The other side of the sheet was more interesting. "The President has allowed a development agenda to persists (sic) which threatens the sustainability of the college" was one statement it gave. Grammatical errors aside (is "sustainability" even a word?), this tells us just a little less than absolutely nothing. Could they be any *less* specific? They made the point several times at the press conference that everything is not okay; the college is really falling apart at the seams. Hampshire College may not exist in just a few years. What is the evi-

*Continued on the next page.*

# “Please Greg, Don’t Hurt Us!” (grovelgrovelgrovel)

*Continued from the previous page.*

dence for this? If it is true, how is it Greg’s fault? They didn’t quite get to that, what with them being silenced and all.

Another highlight of their informational sheet was the reference to the “McCarthy-ism” of Greg Prince. This little piece of fecal matter reminded me of the comparisons made between Hampshire’s “Democracy Wall”, in which a bunch of cretins were almost sprayed with a hose (no, it was not a sand-blaster), and the Kent State massacre, in which a bunch of students were shot dead. Once again their statement was not backed up with anything that even resembled an example. Though one grievance did actually give a real bona fide example of what they were complaining about. Unfortunately the example given was complete crap. I refer to Greg’s refusal “to take responsibility over. . . our former dean of students (sic) prurient interests.” There is no reason he should take responsibility for this, any more than “Kuji” or anyone else should.

The lamest idea of the night had to come from one of the panelists who suggested that instead of the having these lay-offs they should have had a clam-bake, to which all alumni would be invited. There they would try to collect enough money to save these positions. Never mind that the concept of asking them for money is not a new one and is

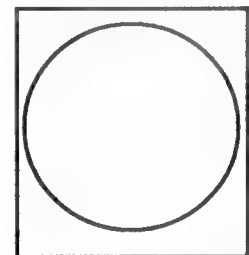
already being used. I can just see the President at a meeting saying “We have been told to cut \$100,000 from the budget, but instead of doing that we’re going to cook up a bunch of clams, invite everyone who’s ever graduated from this college, and pass around a big collection jar. At the end, I’m pretty sure it will have \$100,000 in it and we can keep all you people on for another year.” And they wonder why the administration didn’t seek their advice.

Still people would not shut up about the clambake. For a while it was widely believed that this event was connected to the press conference (some people probably still believe it, stupid ideas die hard, I’ve discovered). Do they honestly believe that Marriott is going to spend thousands of dollars on food just because a group of students are holding a meeting? Talk about delusions of grandeur. If you look around campus you can probably still see signs saying something to the effect of: “\$3300 on lobsters, how’s your financial aid?” (so it’s *Marriott* that supplies financial aid to students? I had no idea) or “550 lobsters x \$6 each = \$3300: about 1/3 of Kuji’s salary” (maybe I should add: “10000 fliers and posters x \$.10 per copy = \$1000: about 1/3 of a clambake.” But I exaggerate).

Anyway, the point is basically this: a bunch of students

are pissed off because they didn’t get to write Hampshire’s 1996/1997 budget. In fact, the school actually had the nerve to do something while they weren’t here. Heaven forbid the administration should actually do anything over the summer. Maybe from now on everything will just shut down from May to September (and over January too). Believe it or not the students are not actually the supreme rulers over this institution. But when they say “Jump!” they want the administration to say “how fuckin’ high?” Well they aren’t going to, and if they did I think we’d see the end of Hampshire College much faster than it would ever be brought about by these lay-offs.

**Paul Boyer, F93**  
**Acting Section Hate**  
**Editor**



*Circle in the Square*  
*Jonathan Land*  
1996

# “Help! My Balls Itch!”

## The Cunning Linguist

Syntax:  
*To help or not to help...*

On the co-ed bathroom on the third floor of the library, the stall on the right houses one bit of stall scrawl that says, “Help! My Balls Itch!” and next to it (with an arrow pointing back) someone else replied, “Why would you want someone to help your balls itch?”

The humor from this punchline comes from the use of the infinitive<sup>1</sup>. In the first bit of graffiti the word “help” is being used as an interjection<sup>2</sup>, a pleaful cry of desperation. The understood object<sup>3</sup> of “help” is “me”, as in “Help (me)! My balls itch.” The person who made the reply, read the message the other way, with the object of the imperative<sup>4</sup> verb “help” being “my balls” as in “Help my balls, (they) itch!”

His somewhat humourous reply houses the infinitive “to help” the basic form of the verb “help.” The interesting thing about infinitives in English, is that unlike most other verbs, they don’t need a subject. It is true that in this case there is a subject (being: “someone”), but the reply could have just as easily been “Why would you want

to help your balls itch?”

The point is that the subject of the infinitival “to help”, if missing, is still understood. Linguists speculate that the (understood) subject is still there, and in fact simply has a silent pronunciation. For instance, if you’re an older student, and you want to file Div II, you might say, “I want to file Div II!” Now the main verb in the sentence is “want.” The subject<sup>5</sup> of want is “I.” The object of want is “to file Div II,” but what is the subject of the secondary verb “to file?”

I	want	[_____]	to file	Div II.
subject	main	“for myself”	secondary verb	object of
	verb	(implied)	(infinitival)	sec. verb

Well, who do you want to file Div II? Your roommate? Your Aunt? Your advisor? Greg Prince? Your illegal pet that you’re keeping on campus anyway?  
  
No.

It’s you. You want for you(rself) to file Div II. So linguists speculate that the “for yourself” is really there, or at least was at one time. So where did it go? Well “for” is simply a word of clause introduction (here it introduces the dependent<sup>6</sup> clause, that is, the part of the sentence containing the secondary verb). And “for”, as an infiniti-

val clause introducer, is always optional. Go ahead, try to think of sentences with “for” introducing an infinitival clause. Not only will every one mean the same thing if you remove the “for” from the sentence, but it will also continue to remain grammatically correct, for whatever that means.

And so we’re left with “I want myself to file Div II!” and while this is grammatically okay, I don’t think you’ll hear many people saying it, except for people who feel like “they” are

against their “selves”. And so why has the “myself” come to be dropped? And if the “for” is optional, then why can’t it be left in after “myself” has been dropped to produce the recognizably ungrammatical “\*I want for to win.”?<sup>7</sup>

Well, I hate to disappoint you, but...

Well I could lie and tell you a whole bunch of things, but the explanation of all that is well beyond the scope of this article. If you are interested in this sort of thing though, you can feel free to communicate with me about

*Continued on the next page.*



# More Ballsy Remarks

*Continued from the previous page.*

it, or to actually try taking a syntax class here at Hampshire. You'll learn a lot about your own language. However that's all for me until next week.

Thanks for listening and keep on talking.

**by: Casey Nordell F95**  
**Omen Linguistic Editor**

## Glossary:

1. an infinitive is the most basic form of an english verb. in english infinitives are always two words long. the first person form of the verb is preceded by the word "to." in this case the infinitive for the verb "itch" is "to itch." yes it's that simple! (p.s. any part of a sentence that houses an infinitive is called an "infinitival clause" or simply an "infinitival")

2. an interjection is any word that lacks much meaning or purpose outside of calling attention to itself and, hopefully, the words around it. interjections are a curious type of verb-like word that needs and has no subject or object, or anything for that matter. except for the common exclamation point, they stand alone. common interjections of modern english include: "Fuck!", "Shit!", "Damn!", "Jesus!", "Golly!", "Gosh!", and "Woo hoo!", among others.

3. an object of a verb is usually the noun to which the action is being done. for instance, if you say, "I want the Hampshire Sheep to eat my painfully empty Div II folder so that at least I have an excuse for being behind." the object of the verb to eat is "my painfully empty Div II folder."

4. an imperative verb is a verb that gives a command directly to a person with the non-existent understood subject being "you." as in: "Do my homework for me!" or "Eat this!" it is interesting to note that sometimes imperative verbs use the word "you" as an interjection (see 2 above) in order to draw the attention of the person being spoken to, as in: "You! Lick my boot!"

5. a subject of a sentence is usually the noun doing the action, as in "The Phoenix sucks." the entity named the "phoenix" here, is clearly the one doing the sucking.

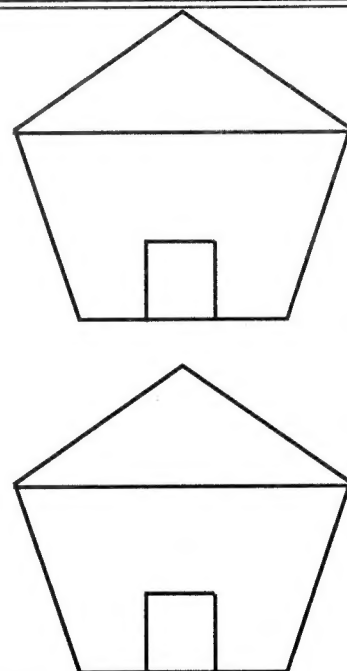
6. a dependent clause is a clause that cannot be a sentence on its own, but rather depends on an entity called the "main clause" for its existence

7. the \* is the sign that linguists use to mark an acceptably unacceptable sentence (when- ever they can actually agree on what exactly is grammatical)

# Spalding Gray is My Soul

The brilliant, master monologist Spalding Gray performed his latest work, "It's A Slippery Slope" at the Academy of Music in Northampton last Wednesday, sponsored by JHP Productions. The house was packed, despite the monsoon outside. A tip for anyone who hasn't been to the Academy of Music- GO! It's lovely! Anyhow, I'd never heard anything from Spalding Gray before. He sat alone, behind a desk, on a big, dark stage, with just a spotlight on him. As soon as he started talking about staring out of the window during his

*Continued on Page 18.*



*Yurts of Fury*  
*Jonathan Land*  
1996

## Z is for Zoloft

I was driving through the desert when the disassembly started.

The sign beside the highway says 110 miles to Las Vegas. The sun's about to set, and I want to make it before night. I step on the pedal and the needle inches towards 100. One hundred miles per hour. Under my feet though the firewall I can feel the rumble of the engine, but the road and the low hills outside are a separate world from me, inside these closed windows, wind silent, air conditioner on, tape deck set to infinitely repeat Wave of Mutilation by the Pixies. I've been listening to this one song for six hours now, and it's become a part of my bloodstream, a symbiotic parasite playing in my head. The words have stopped meaning anything, but the music is what moves this car towards the burning horizon more than the engine or gas in the tank.

Once the disassembly starts, it's almost impossible to stop, and feels strangely pleasurable, like picking off a scab.

Burning horizon. I lit a cigarette and rolled down the window a crack, the wind becoming a low whine, my lifeline to reality. I saw something move in the scrub brush beside the road, a rabbit maybe, or a lizard. My head is slowly caving in, crumbling into fragments of skull and scalp, my face melting into a puddle of featureless skin. At this point, I realize, I'm a consumer machine, genetically hardwired to vampirically attract and merge nearby objects with

myself. My legs and face have gone numb from driving for so long. I'm wearing black leather cowboy boots, jeans, a t-shirt advertising Russian cigarette, and an Italian leather jacket. I'm driving a Japanese car, listening to American music on a German stereo. The Woody Woodpecker air freshener hanging from the rear view mirror smirks at me, and I grin back at it maniacally.

Distance. Locomotion, loco-motion. Slow madness is in the asphalt: I let my be hypnotized by the feel of the road through the steering wheel and the yellow lane lines flickering past, just slightly faster than my heartbeat, racing with the hits of ephedrine I've taken from the inhaler unit I stole as the last gas station. I've been driving for six hours. The digital clock in the dashboard says it's 7:12 m- it said 6:20 m when I left home. The clock resets itself every time I turn off the engine. Time is relative only to motion. Time is motion- in this car I'm in my own time zone, racing towards my own event horizon.

Some time ago I thought I'd passed my own event horizon. Instead of writing new letters, I just cut u old ones and pasted them together. My aesthetic was perfect. the perfect look, the perfect haircut, the perfect lines, the perfect girlfriend. I was the ultimate techno-retro-hip Calvin Klein cowboy. I spent all day looking in the mirror, it was all so perfect. my girlfriend would sit next to me, looking at herself.

I was in a bar one day, when

an old Zen master sat down on the stool next to me.

"Have you found nirvana?" he asked.

"Of course," I said, and started to tell him about my perfection.

"Wait-" he cut me off. "There is one thing you haven't done yet."

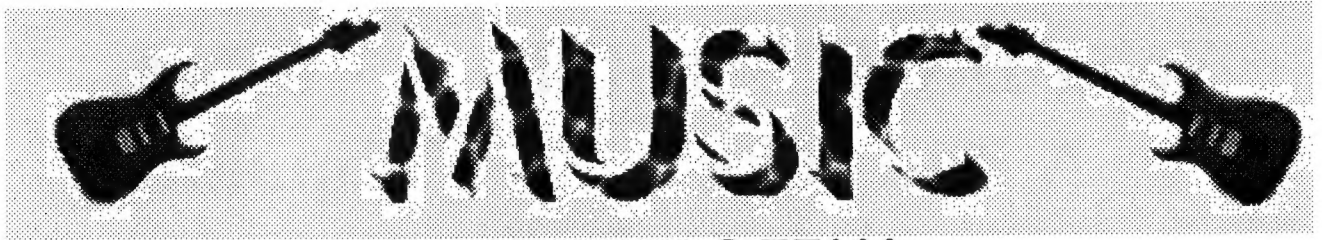
"What is it, master?" I asked.

"Accessorize," he said.

Accessorize. That's what started all this, I realize, in a moment odd paranoid clarity. I've achieved a kind of critical fashion mass, a point beyond which no further consumer activity is possible. The mass of my accessories around me has begun to implode, disassembling into component elements and retail concepts. I've become a post-purchasing black hole. Different components of my body are growing increasingly abstract and diffuse. Where I used to have genitals, I now have a phallic symbol. My gestures and speech patterns are technically illegal, lifted from copyrighted advertisements and Hollywood by-product.

Cohesion. The particular hallucinogen meta-reality I've entered by this point has the serious flaw that, on the concept level, everything becomes highly magnetic. It's no longer possible to differentiate between the Elvis sticker on the dashboard and my reflection in the rear view at a glance. Several time, I've almost

*Continued on Page 18.*



## Seba-D'OH!!!

**W e d . N i g h t -** FreeBeerandChicken- I am going to write about what I did this weekend. In order for this not to sound like a diary of self abuse and masturbation, I've decided to actually go out and do something this weekend. Wednesday night I went to the Iron Horse, where I assumed Fred Wesley, the former trombone player for James Brown, would be playing with his Greyboy Allstars. Fred Wesley, however, seemed to be out of town so it was the Greyboy Allstars minus Fred. That's perfectly fine though, for the show turned out to be some house-shakin' funk anyway. The opening band, FreeBeerAndChicken, were good, with some slower jazz undertones and a very clean singing style. The stage was filled with the seven (I think) members of the band, the saxophone and the keyboardist distinguishing the band from the ordinary. Within seconds of the Grandfunk Allstars playing, I immediately felt more of a depth to the music, I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was that made me feel that the Grandfunk Allstars had more of a quality sound, especially since there were less members of the band- it could be anything from more experienced musicians to working with more feeling in a sim-

pler framework. Who knows-all I can say is that once the funk started kicking in, and the music progressions built up, reached a point, then mellowed out, I immediately felt happy and energetic as hell. You could physically feel how good that music was.

**T h u r s . N i t e -** FreelobsterandComedy- Compare this to Thursday night, where I could physically feel the twenty degree wind chill blow painfully into my ears and nose during the clam bake, where it was heard said: "The lobsters flow like water here." On to a show of a different sort, like the night before the star, Greg Prince, was not there either. Nevertheless, the place was packed, demand was high, and the tense discord of the harmonics caused me to leave before the much demanded encore. I also had to catch the bus to Northampton to see that 'long haired criminal lookin' dude' Norman B. do his comedy routine at Fire and Water Cafe (actually an hour early for once in my life). There are few people on this earth that I can honestly say did too many drugs. Norman B., who appeared at Hampshire briefly one day in front of Saga to advertise his show, is a spoken poet/comic dressed like a renegade Buddhist

monk dropout from a potato factory- his comedy itself verges on the mediocre but mildly laughable ("War on Drugs-if more people did drugs there wouldn't be ant war...I don't need to take drugs I already have them on me), while his poems (for those members of the audience lucky enough to make sense of the sometimes fast and rambling prose) do seem to have a certain charm-(I'd Like to Make it with the wife of a Texas Redneck, if I can't make it with you..). His one serious poem, about love (chosen by him, not the audience) was pretty good, and I particularly liked his religious imagery (Jesus Was A Man Made of Sal-tine Crackers, Grape Kool Aid Runnin Through His Veins). Ah well, a few laughs are better than none at all, and it was relatively cheap (donation) unless you shelled out the six bucks for a tape (which may or may not become a collector's edition in twenty years).

**F r i . N i t e -** FreeRideHomeandGuinness- Friday night I saw Sebadoh, local indie rock heroes of Northampton. From the start it was evident that they really had their shit together- as a band they displayed tight, focused power in both the fiercer, harder songs

*Continued on the next page.*



## “Seba-D’OH” Is Still A Bad Joke

*Continued from the previous page.*

(most of which I noticed were sang by Lowenstein, the bassist) and slower, more vulnerable songs, sung by Lou Barlow in his now famous sensitive and (dare I say it?) romantic voice. Indeed, Barlow’s days of screeching with Dinosaur Jr. are over, his own style of emotionally naked lyrics over sentimental melodies and rough rhythmic flow of sound have developed and taken shape. The paradox of Sebadoh is the general catchiness of the songs combined with a sort of unpredictability- they are untraditional in the sense that the music turns in ways that destroy one’s expectations for what will come next. Your adverse reaction is at first discomfort- which is what Barlow in his earlier days aimed for (“I wanted to be a folk terrorist..” Rolling Stone), but seems now to have come to a sort of compromise with- I have not yet heard Harmacy, their new album, which supposedly seems to be more polished and possibly, to some more commercial than earlier ones. But the show itself

was a quality experience, Sebadoh can go from the two extremes with the skill that bridges the gap between hard edge and soft sentimentality. Lou himself came out for a much demanded encore (we weren’t going to leave to make room for Retro Nite at Pearl Street without first hearing a little more by Northampton’s own) in which he played guitar and (of course) sang some reflective, self doubting words of wisdom.

Since wisdom has never been my forte, I shall retire again, once more, into my sedentary yet arduous lifestyle. Tribe Called Quest is playing at Mt. Holyoke on October 10, as well s Porno for Pyros on Oct 14(??don’t quote me on that at Pearl Street (I think). Also the Joe Morris Trio will be playing at the Amherst Unitarian Meetinghouse on Oct. 25, I recommend all lovers of guitar driven jazz to go. And remember, if we didn’t go through half the bullshit we do every day, than life’s just not worth living.

Amber Cortes

## More Spalding Gray

*Continued from Page 15.*

high school geometry class, I knew he was my *soul*. He began talking about his dilemma- he loved staring out of the window at a big snowy mountain in the distance. He longed to go skiing, but he needed to pass geometry to be able to go skiing someday, but he was failing geometry. So he kept staring out of the window at the beautiful snowy mountain outside. So he failed geometry. Hey, *I* almost failed geometry, too! This guy is cool! He’s one of those very special people who can talk about how neurotic he is, how he’s afraid of death, how he cheats on his wife, how he can’t ski, and how his “inner cheerleader” is dormant, and make you want to hear all about it. He weaves it together so poetically and makes it hilarious and touching and all that good stuff. It’s mesmerizing. Not just anyone can plop themselves down on a stage and talk about their lives for an hour and a half and make it interesting, much less *spellbinding*. It was an excellent show.

Melissa Jaeger-Miller



*Two People In  
A Room  
Jonathan  
Land  
1996*



## Dial “M” For flaMing

*Continued from Page 16.*

driven off the road because I’ve mistaken another car for my own. I try to limit the damage by looking at the lane lines streaking by. If I’m not careful, I’ll expand infinitely as everything I look at adheres to my

psyche.

I lit another cigarette and think about a TV show I saw once where a little kid says to his dad: “when I grow up, I want to be on TV.”

Matthew Flaming  
(March 1996)